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S O U V E N I R
OF
The Battle of Manila Bay
PHILIPPINE ISLANDS



MAY 1st, 1898.

Written in collaboration by C. A. Silk and J. J. Vanderveer
on board the U. S. S. Baltimore, after the battle.




THE SUTTON PRESS, BUFFALO, N. Y.



JOHN HICKEY

A Buffalo boy on the U. S. S. Baltimore.

INTRODUCTION TO "ALL HANDS"

"And 'tis most true that a merrier crew could scarce be found elsewhere".

WE will need in future years nothing to remind us of the great battle we fought in Manila Bay, on Sunday, May 1st, 1898; but it will be pleasant to have, of the event, an appropriate "Souvenir," which is herewith submitted.

The events recorded are as we saw them on board this good ship, true to life.

When creeping into the reminiscient age, to be able to place one's hand on something that brings to mind a time when, like our fathers, "we shouldered a rifle," and to remember those who fought with us at the same gun, stood the same watches and messed at the same table; to note each name on the roll, and each separate picture; to recall them then as we see them now; such a source of remembrance we hope this "Souvenir" will be to all who now form the crew of the U. S. S. "*Baltimore*."

C. A. SILK - J. J. VANDERVEER.

U.S.S. "BALTIMORE."

Manila Bay, Philippine Islands; June, 1898.

TELEGRAMS.

THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY'S TELEGRAM TO COMMODORE DEWEY

WASHINGTON, APRIL 24TH.

“Dewey, Hongkong, China:—War has commenced between Spain and the United States. Proceed at once to Philippine Islands. Commence operations at once, particularly against the Spanish fleet. You must capture vessels or destroy them. Use utmost endeavours.”

“LONG.”

TELEGRAMS OF COMMODORE DEWEY TO THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

MANILA, MAY 1ST.

“The squadron arrived at Manila at day break this morning. Immediately engaged the enemy and destroyed the following Spanish vessels: “*Reina Cristina*,” “*Castilla*,” “*Uloa*,” “*Isla de Cuba*,” “*Isla de Luzon*,” “*General Lezo*,” “*Duro*,” “*Corro*,” “*Velasco*,” transport “*Mindanao*,” and water battery at Cavite. The squadron is uninjured and only a few men slightly injured. The only means of telegraphing is to the American Consul at Hongkong. I shall communicate with him.

“DEWEY.”

CAVITE, MAY 4TH.

“I have taken possession of Naval Station at Cavite, on Philippine Islands. Have destroyed the fortifications at bay entrance, paroling garrison. I control bay completely and can take city at any time. The squadron is in excellent health and spirits. Spanish loss not fully known, but very heavy. 150 killed, including Captain, on “*Reina Cristina*.” I am assisting in protecting Spanish sick and wounded, 256 wounded in hospitals within our lines. Much excitement in Manila. Will protect foreign residents.

“DEWEY.”

TELEGRAM OF PRESIDENT McKINLEY TO COMMODORE DEWEY.

WASHINGTON, MAY 7TH, 1898.

“Dewey, care American Consul, Hongkong. The president, in the name of the American people, thanks you and your officers and men for your splendid achievement and overwhelming victory. In recognition, he has appointed you Rear Admiral, and will recommend a vote of thanks to you by Congress as a foundation for further promotion.

“LONG, *Secretary*.”

U. S. S. "BALTIMORE"

AT THE

BATTLE OF MANILA BAY.

OUR FIRST NEWS OF THE WAR.

WITH our arrival at Hongkong on the morning of April 22nd, 1898, and finding the American Fleet, consisting of six war ships, one Revenue Steamer, and two transports, under command of Commodore George Dewey, all lying close in shore, painted, with the exception of the transports, in war colour of bottle green, the first true intimation that war between our country and Spain would be declared, was given us. So deceiving was this new coat of paint that it required the sharpest look-out at very close range to distinguish the ships; many supposing the English Cruiser "*Immortalite*" to be our Flagship "*Olympia*." How strange this color appeared, many of us seeing it for the first time, and so totally different from the immaculate white we were accustomed to. The ships either moored, or anchored ready for slipping, and able to move at a moment's notice, were, it was said, only awaiting our getting in the same condition before sailing.

To be docked, cleaned and painted from truck to keel, undocked, coaled, provisioned, and the hundred-and-one odd pieces of work finished in forty-eight hours, required no stronger incentive than the knowledge of all having to be "hustled" through. With rain coming down in torrents, the ship received her baptismal coat of "war paint."

In the harbour was one Spanish flag flying on a small steamer, the "*Isidoro Pons*" of Barcelona, moored alongside the wharf, close to the dry dock.

MOVE ONE.

AT 2 o'clock on the afternoon of April 24th the first move on the chess-board was made: the "*Raleigh*," "*Boston*," "*Concord*," "*Petrel*," "*McCulloch*" and the two transports "*Nanshan*" and "*Zafiro*" leaving the harbour. The next morning, at about 9:50 o'clock, the Flagship signalled "*Get under-way*," and shortly after 10 o'clock the last of the American Fleet sailed from Hongkong. This was the result of the publication of a proclamation of neutrality, in the Queen's name, by the Governor of that city.

Steaming at moderate speed till about 3 o'clock, we came to anchor in Mirs Bay, distant 30 miles from Hongkong. Here we found the remainder of the fleet at anchor.

The next day, April 25th, at 2 p.m., the American Consul at Manila, Mr. O. F. Williams, who had come down the day before on the English steamer "*Esmeralda*," came on board. Half an hour later all ships were under-way, bound for Manila.

Much surmising and wondering was engaged in during the next few hours, as not a word of war having been declared had reached us. Every man was in absolute ignorance of what was to be done until about 6 o'clock, when "all hands" were called aft and a short address was made by Captain Dyer. What he said will ever be engraven on our memory—words that none could hear without feeling we were indeed blessed in taking part in such a mission⁶. Concluding, he said he was instructed by the Commander-in-Chief to read to us the Proclamation by the Governor-General of the Philippines, a verbatim copy of which is as follows:—

EXTRAORDINARY PROCLAMATION BY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE PHILIPPINES.

"SPANIARDS.—

"Between Spain and the United States of North America, hostilities have broken out.

- “The moment has arrived to prove to the world that we possess the spirit to conquer those who, pretending to be loyal friends, take advantage of our misfortunes and abuse our hospitality, using means which civilized nations count unworthy and disreputable.
- “The North American people, constituted of all the social excrescences, have exhausted our patience and provoked war with their perfidious machinations, with their acts of treachery, with their outrages against the law of nations and international conventions.
- “The struggle will be short and decisive. The God of Victories will give us one as brilliant and complete as the righteousness and justice of our case demand. Spain, which counts upon the sympathies of all the nations, will emerge triumphantly from this new test, humiliating and blasting the adventures from those States that, without cohesion and without a history, offer to humanity only infamous traditions and the ungrateful spectacle of Chambers, in which appear united insolence and defamation, cowardice and cynicism.
- “A squadron manned by foreigners, possessing neither instruction nor discipline, is preparing to come to this archipelago with the ruffianly intention of robbing us of all that means life, honour, and liberty. Pretending to be inspired by a courage of which they are incapable, the North American seamen undertake as an enterprise capable of realisation, ‘the substitution of Protestantism for the Catholic religion you profess,’ to treat you as tribes refractory to civilization, to take possession of your riches as if they were unacquainted with the rights of property, and to kidnap those persons whom they consider useful to man their ships or to be exploited in agricultural or industrial labour.
- “Vain Designs! Ridiculous boastings!
- “Your indomitable bravery will suffice to frustrate the attempt to carry them into realization. You will not allow the faith you profess to be made a mock of; impious hands to be placed on the temple of the true God; the images you adore to be thrown down by unbelief. The aggressors shall not profane the tombs of your fathers, they shall not gratify their lustful passions at the cost of your wives and daughters’ honour, or appropriate the property that your industry has accumulated as a provision for your old age. No, they shall not perpetrate any of the crimes inspired by their wickedness and covetousness, because your valour and patriotism will suffice to punish and abase the people that, claiming to be civilised and cultivated, have exterminated the natives of North America, instead of bringing to them the life of civilization and of progress.

“Philippines, prepare for the struggle and, united under the glorious Spanish flag, which is ever covered with laurels, let us fight with the conviction that victory will crown our efforts, and to the calls of our enemies let us oppose with the decision of the Christian and the patriot, the cry of “Viva Espana.”

Your General,

“BASILIO AUGUSTIN DAVILA.”

“Manila, 23rd April, 1898.”

The Captain laid great stress on the venomous portions of this tirade, particularly on that which calls us “a nation without a history.” He ended by telling us our duty was “to capture or destroy the Spanish Fleet at Manila,” and assured us it would be done, bearing in mind the one true statement in the proclamation “that the struggle would be short and decisive.” (How true this prophesy turned out to be, every one knows.) Such cheers as only men-of-war-men can give, followed his words, when Consul Williams was introduced. He spoke of “Our Country,” “Our Captain and Officers,” and paid a glowing tribute to our patriotism. Cheer after cheer followed his address, and the crew were “*pipcd down*.”

April 28th passed away quietly; one ship, an English tramp, being sighted. The squadron was being cleared of all movable wood-work, nettings were placed under boats, and all combustible materials thrown overboard to prevent fires; nothing remained undone. Another sail was sighted next morning at daylight—the “*Zafiro*” was sent to overtake her—after which she was allowed to proceed on her way.

MOVE TWO.

EARLY next day the "*Boston*" and "*Concord*" left their positions in the line, going ahead of the fleet and disappearing about 9 o'clock. Shortly after, this ship left the column, steaming ahead at full speed, arriving at 4 p.m. at Subig Bay, Isla de Luzon, Philippine Islands. Sighting a small schooner flying the Spanish flag heading in for the shore, the *first shot of the war on this side* was fired across her bow. She immediately hove to, was boarded, and her captain brought on board. Being ignorant of the state of affairs and knowing nothing of importance he was let go. Shortly after 5 p.m., the remainder of the fleet came up, and the Flagship signalled "*All Commanding Officers repair on board.*" This was their last meeting before the battle.

At 5:20 p.m. the fleet left Subig Bay for Manila, the weather being fine with scarce a puff of wind to ripple the sea that seemed like one large sheet of glass.

At 10:30 p.m. "*General Quarters*" was sounded, sending each man to his station for battle: guns were loaded, ammunition of all kinds placed near at hand, and all other preparations made for immediate action. How willingly and with what eager anxiety each man performed his special duties.

ENTERING THE HARBOR.

THE lighthouse which marks the entrance to the harbour is in total darkness and we follow the Flagship's stern light. An obscured moon is shining, a deathlike stillness pervades. Slowly we travel on towards the entrance to the harbour. When very close, a brilliant flashing on our port hand is seen, which a few moments later is made out to be a signal. Thoughts of home, mother and friends rush through our minds, but above all we remember the mission on which we are engaged, our duty to "Our Country."

PASSING THE FORTS.

CORRIGIDOR looms up on our port hand, and we know we are passing their supposed impregnable forts at the entrance of the harbour, sometimes called the "Gibraltar of the Philippines." Not a light is shown on any of the ships except one at the stern, some being without that. Answering signals to those we saw outside are now being given, our approach has been discovered and is signalled to those inside, but too late. The "*Olympia*" is safely through; we follow some 400 yards distant, and soon are also past. Hardly have we congratulated ourselves on this safe entrance (at 12:20 a.m.) when a roar rends the air, and the whizz of a shell, as it passes over our stern, politely tells us the enemy are prepared. Some stoop, as if to avoid the shot, but it is out of harm's way. "Keep cool" warns the Captain, and cool all are. No attention is paid to the answering shots of the "*Boston*" and "*McCulloch*," and on we travel.

Some think the enemy saw the stern light of the Flagship, as it was impossible to make out a vessel's lines, and they did not suspect our coming until a second light came into view. Now and then rockets are seen, being fired from the shore, but no further shells come our way. All the ships have safely passed the forts and are out of their guns' range; no ship or shore lights can be seen; quiet reigns over all. Continuing on our way uninterrupted, the word is next passed that the men may lie down at their guns; some drop at the word, a few of whom fall into a dead sleep from sheer exhaustion. Others, whose duties do not permit, remain at their station (this number making a large majority) and keep their silent watch. What a strain the intervening hours were between this and the breaking of dawn on that memorable Sunday morning of May 1st, it is impossible to describe. With eyes and ears alert we look for some further sign of the enemy, but see none. Slowly the day dawns, but a mist still obscures the enemy's ships. Suddenly

the firing of a gun draws our attention, and the city's forts bid us a pleasant good morning. Like magic each man is at his station; superfluous clothing is quickly discarded; every thing is ready awaiting the order to "*commence firing.*" Gun captains with lock string in hand eagerly look for the word, but the time has not yet come. The forts in the city continue their fire, but the shells strike the water well out of harm's way, and are unanswered. "*Can we fire.*" gun captains ask? "*Not yet*" answers the Captain. Slowly, with the rising of the sun, the enemy's stronghold, Cavite, comes into view, and the Spanish Armada is made out. The exact number of their vessels cannot be estimated. They seem to be anchored behind the point with lighters, filled with stone, to protect their front.

At 5:05 a.m. the Flagship signals "*Prepare for general action.*" We are are fully prepared—yet it stirs us to see the signal flying—and when a few seconds later "*Old Glory*" is floating defiantly from each masthead, we with difficulty restrain from cheering. "Now men," says the Captain, "we have empty stomachs, but full hearts, let us see what we can do under this glorious old flag." It seems to us but a few moments before that the Governor General's blaspheming message was read—a lie in every word—and we all "*Remember the 'Maine'*"

The enemy's ships are now in plain view. Their Flagship "*Reina Cristina*," moored, has opened fire. The others seem to be steaming out from Cavite in line of battle. Our flagship next signals "*increase speed,*" and later "*close up,*" which places our fleet in the intended formation. The enemy keeps up a brisk fire for a few moments, without an answer from our guns; when at 5:12 a.m., with every ship of the enemy well ranged, the first shot by the American Fleet is fired.

THE BATTLE—Move Three

The "*Olympia*" commences by discharging an entire broadside at the "*Reina Cristina*," all our ships doing likewise as they pass in order. The smoke is dense, the air is stifling, but our fire never slackens. The "*Cristina*" appears to have been struck several times, and is seen to slip her moorings, retiring behind the breakwater. She evidently is on fire, but that seems soon smothered, and she returns to her position on the fighting line. A shell from one of our eight inch guns rakes the "*Castilla*" fore and aft. Shots are landing among the enemy's ships with dreadful effect, and though their fire is as heavy as ours, no damage to us is as yet done. The "*Don Juan de Austria*," steaming out a little further than the balance of the fleet, is immediately greeted with broadside upon broadside and is soon forced to retire. During this fire a torpedo boat is seen making her way under cover of the land towards our fleet. Suddenly changing her course she heads boldly on; quickly the small guns play on her and she gives up the attempt, barely turning and making the friendly beach, completely disabled. A frantic cheer is given as a shell is seen to carry away the bridge of the "*Castilla*," and another when the "*Reina Cristina*" is seen to be again on fire. A crash through our side and we find an armour piercing shell has struck us: entering the starboard side through the hammock netting, it takes a downward course, cuts a great gash in the deck, is turned by the steel beam the desk rests on, which it splits, then turns upward, penetrating both sides of the after engine room hatch, sending the gratings resting on it in the air several feet; on to the port side, where it tears a scouring bolt from the six inch gun, tearing out four iron bolts; finally recrosses the deck, strikes and bends a ladder on the ventilator, and falls wearily to the deck spinning like a top in its death agony. In falling it strikes and explodes a box of 3 pdr. ammunition, the pieces of which wound eight men. Five times we pass the

enemy's ships and fortifications, and each time their fire becomes weaker, while ours grows more destructive. At 5000 yards our gunners have found the exact range and shoot like veterans. The enemy have also found the range and keep up a stubborn fire, but too late.

How cool our men are. Not even at ordinary target practice is such marksmanship shown. One of the enemy's transports is seen heading for the beach continuing a weak fire, but she is let alone. From the burning and disabled ships men are seen jumping in hordes, attempting to reach the shore. There is a decided lull in the battle now and, at 7.35, the Olympia signals "*Withdraw from action.*"

It is not a welcome signal, but older and wiser heads than ours realize that we need a rest. Each ship of the American Fleet was struck a few times, but no serious damage was done. On board here, besides the shot already mentioned, it was found that a small shell had pierced the starboard side underneath gun No. 2; another has struck the cowl of the forward ventilator; two have entered the port side near the water line; another had cut the brace of the yard on the mainmast, and a last has made a clean hole through "*Old Glory*" flying at the stern. The wounded are nine in number, five of whom are again at their stations prepared for further work.

SECOND ENGAGEMENT

Move Four—"Mate"

There has been neither time nor fire to cook any food, yet we all manage to procure a cup of coffee and a few hard tack, which is ample in our condition. Gazing around us, we first realize the almost complete destruction our terrific fire has caused. The smaller vessels of the enemy have retired, either overwhelmingly defeated or else useless. One is slowly sinking, three are afire, two others are being abandoned by those of their crew still living. At 10.15 a. m. the "*Castilla*" hauls down her flag, aflame from head to

stern. A terrific explosion takes place on board the "*Cristina*" and she becomes a mass of seething flame. How the time passes none realize; it is now 10.45 a. m., and the Flagship signals "*Get underway.*" In answer to a second signal we are soon making full speed for a steamer sighted entering the harbour, and upon seeing she is flying English colours, signal the fact to the Flagship, who in turn signals "*Destroy Enemy's fortifications and batteries.*" Being in advance of the balance of our ships we are soon directly opposite Cavite, distant about 2,500 yards, and commence destroying all the batteries in sight. For some minutes this fire is continued with an occasional answer from the enemy; the remainder of the fleet now join us, and soon the forts are silenced. The "*Petrel*" and "*Concord*" steam slowly towards shore in answer to the Flagship's signal "*Destroy enemy's shipping.*" which work is soon accomplished. The "*Petrel*" is signalled to "*Go inside.*" which she does. The "*Concord*" makes for the transport "*Mindanao*," which seems attempting to reach the beach; the "*Olympia*" coming up sends an eight inch shell into her side, putting her in flames and making a complete wreck. An occasional shot from our ships is still being fired wherever a Spanish flag is visible. At 12.40 p. m., through the thick smoke, the "*Petrel*" can be seen making signal "*The enemy has surrendered.*" The proud colors of Castilla are lowered and a white flag is fluttering to the breeze in their place. Cheers for "*Old Glory*" are given again and again, men dance themselves hoarse cheering each other. The most wildly round the deck, hands are shaken all round, our ships retire from the battle and the crews yell derful battle of modern times is over. Not a man on the American side killed or seriously wounded; not one of our ships that could not begin the day's work again without repairs. A stirring page has been added to Spanish-American history; the world will again acknowledge the greatness of the American people, and every American on the face of the globe will point with just pride to the "Battle of Manila Bay."

The following is a list of vessels of both nationalities engaged in the battle, from which it will be seen that seven American ships were opposed to eleven of Spain:—

AMERICAN SHIPS:

“Olympia,” (*Flagship*.) “Baltimore.”
 “Boston.” “Raleigh.”
 “Petrel.” “Concord.”
 and Revenue Cutter “McCulloch.”

SPANISH SHIPS:

“Reina Cristina,” (*Flagship*.)
 “Castilla.” “El Cano.” “Don Antonio de Ulloa.”
 “Don Juan de Austria.” “Isla de Cuba”
 “Isla de Luzon.” “General Lezo.”
 “Marques del Duero.” “Argos.” “Velasco.”

IN THE ENGINE AND FIREROOMS.

AT the sounding of the “*General Alarm*” at 10:30 on the night of Saturday, April 30th, the men of the Engine Force went to their stations in the Engine and Firerooms, not leaving them until 7:30 next morning.

What thoughts rushed through the minds of these men, far below the scene of open action, battered down in their respective compartments, in heat, cool and welcome at 120°, and thankful when the thermometer stopped at 140°, they alone can tell. As one man very frankly remarked, “if the Spaniards send me to hell, I’m getting a good start here.” Somewhat blunt, but terribly true. Working ‘midst fires, whose glare made the place seem like furnaces manned by imps, the men, clothless, but for a pair of overalls minus the legs, and thick shoes to protect their feet from blistering on the heated decks, toiled on, joking and silently encouraging one another almost in another world. Water, brought down as cool as could be had, quickly turned into steam, yet on they kept.

enduring in minutes, trials and hardships sufficient for many ripe old ages, not knowing what moment a shell would send them to eternity: these men were heroes in the true sense of the word.

The great Talmage says:—"I once finished a very perilous voyage, and when the passengers were leaving the ship, they all thanked the Captain, but later, I remembered that no one thought of the Engineers and Firemen, who, down in the bottom of the vessel, were toiling and faithfully doing the work that brought the ship safely through the storm."

Take the Engineers and Firemen into your hearts, these largely unseen and unappreciated men, for the work they have done and do; you will find them bright and intelligent, often with great hearts and brains; the grime of their work is only on the surface and a little water and soap cleans it all away, just as it does the powder and grime of battle on their brothers in other parts of the ship.

IN THE MAGAZINES.

BERTH Deck Cooks, making a clear majority of the men detailed to tend the magazines and send up the monstrous shells and powder for guns, though stationed below, out of sound and hearing of all going on above decks, fared, through their own ingenuity and push, like a happy family of boys and girls going on a Sunday excursion to Coney Island.

At the call to "*Quarters*" early in Sunday morning, each one furnished—as his duties were for the moment completed—such part of the luncheon allotted, sending up sandwiches on top of armour piercers: lime water, which was flavored with the enemy's smoke, coming down the hoists, and other luxuries too numerous to mention.

To pass away the hours that otherwise would have been long with suspense, the latest popular songs were sung, and old, well-worn jokes cracked, keeping time to the sending up of more powder and shell on deck.

All in all the day passed pleasantly, considering how each sudden shock sounded to those not knowing its cause.

NEAR THE DOCTOR'S QUARTERS

ON deck, distributed among the gun's crews, could be seen men wearing on their arms the insignia of the "Red Cross;" litters scattered here and there were ready to carry the wounded below, but not to a place of safety; there being no such place in the ship. Happily, aside from the few receiving slight injuries, there was no need for the hundreds of suspicious looking bandages and instruments laid on the two long tables across the berth deck; but, had it not been for a shell considerably striking and entering the ship's side a few feet abaft the surgical table, the end might have been another case of "biters being bitten."

CAVITE, AFTER THE BATTLE.

CAVITE is situated on a low sandy spit about 9 miles from the city of Manila, and joined to the mainland by a low, narrow isthmus. Owing to swamps and a shallow bay intervening, the distance by road is over thirty miles before reaching the city proper. At the end of Cavite peninsula are two points, the outer and larger one called Sangley, and the inner, Cavite proper. On Sangley Point a battery of two 15-cm. Krupp guns was mounted; and at Cavite, a few old types of Armstrong muzzle-loading six inch guns over-looked the bay. Only one of these, a 16-cm. muzzle-loading rifle, was mounted in an effective position; this gun was left loaded when the place was abandoned; probably their ships, being within range, prevented its being fired.

The buildings in the Navy Yard are of the sort usually seen in such places; store-houses, machine shops, officers quarters, etc. Passing through, a few days after the battle, one could plainly see the effect of our ships' heavy fire. Huge gaps in walls and buildings showed signs of 8 and 6 inch shells having

penetrated, some of which could be traced through as many as three buildings before finally exploding. Deep pits in the earth showed further evidence of the day's work.

In the living quarters, one look tells its own tale. Here, a table set with food was untouched; inside are garments, both military and civilian, evidently hastily changed and thrown aside; desks hidden by falling papers and books, trunks overturned and their contents strewn about, while here and there could be seen a piece of half-finished sewing or lace work, apparently dropped in terror when the first shell struck.

What, a few days before, stood for the Commandant's office, now showed nothing but a battered room. Oriental rugs, handsome upholstered chairs, huge mirrors, all destroyed; every building had a like story.

THE SUNKEN SHIPS.

CLOSE in shore, resting on the bottom of the bay, the sunken ships can be seen, nearly all completely destroyed. No more will the soothing strains of the light guitar be heard around their decks, and neither will the latest bull fight be discussed in the corners. As, a few month's ago, our own ship, the "*Maine*," left a nation mourning—with nothing but a few masts to show where once was life—now can Spain look on this bay and see just retribution.

The "*Reina Cristina*," Admiral Montojo's Flagship, lies submerged to her gun decks; a piece of wood and frame work show where her high bridge stood, from which their fight was directed. Half-a-dozen shells struck her funnels, piercing them through and through; the after smokestack now leans against the forward one. The shield of a 6-pounder Nordenfeldt R. F. gun on the topgallant forecastle was penetrated by a small shell, the explosion of which must have swept both the gun's crew and the crew of the gun directly opposite. Her port forward 16-cm. gun shield shows where a shell of large calibre had entered.

causing the wrecking of its elevating gear. As our ships used explosive shells, the deaths this hit caused can be imagined. One shell can be traced, a foot below the water line, to have gone clean through her, striking her engine room in its course.

The "*Castilla*" is almost completely submerged. She was a wooden cruiser with a metal skeleton, which is all that remains of her above the water line. Ribs, frames, ash hoists, gun shields—in fact everything above her lower deck—shows the awful battering she received. Hundreds of shot holes, striking in every conceivable part, make her present an awful example of the power of modern guns, well handled. Her battery was a good one, but, as did all the other ships, she lacked the men to handle them. Not that there were not sufficient men on board her, but simply, they were not trained as our own were. One of the shells from our starboard 8-inch guns raked her fore and aft. There is not a spot in her five feet square without a shot hole.

On boarding the "*Don Antonio de Ulloa*," the same spectacle as that of the "*Castilla*" is seen. Sunk in the shallow water of the bay, her mainrail awash, and listed heavily to starboard, with a portion of her port rail above water at low tide, she shows punctures made by all sizes of shell, from the 3-pounder to the 8-inch; many places indicating plainly where pieces of bursted shell had found their way out on the port side. In another instance, a shell had crossed her topgallant forecastle deck, striking a 6-pounder carriage mount, and bursting, had torn a large hole in the shield that had protected the gun's crew. Her deck is literally covered with jagged holes, showing where shells had burst. As seen in her present position, with so little of her hull showing, but that little so eloquent of her desperate fight, one can only conjecture the fate of her crew. She was the last of the Spanish ships to go down, and sank with colors flying.

So little of the "*Don Juan de Austria*" is above water that her condition could not be determined.

The steering gear on the bridge was broken and torn loose by a heavy projectile; her tale can be imagined on seeing her wrecked and blood-bespattered pilot-house.

The "*Isla de Luzon*" has a gun mount torn from its fastening, the training circle broken by the blow. Neither she nor the "*Isla de Cuba*" are seriously injured, and many believe they were sunk by their disheartened commanders to prevent capture.

GENERAL REMARKS

THE vessels being all sunk or burnt, no accurate estimate of the damage done can be made. There was no lack of all kinds of ammunition, but the result proves the miserable ability of the Spaniards as marksmen. Evidence, indicating it to have been the custom to fuze the shell just before loading, is gathered from the fact that two out of three shells backed out of the guns had transportation plugs instead of fuzes. Their gun's crews must have been badly excited, or else intended to use them as battering shell against the armour they no doubt believed our ship carried. On all the ships visited, many of the guns were loaded when the crew abandoned them. So sum up this terrible object lesson in modern warfare, one can only say that cool heads and unerring marksmen won the day.

PROCLAMATION BY THE REBEL LEADERS.

THE following Proclamation was issued simultaneously by the Rebel Leaders with that of the Governor-General of the Philippine Islands:—

COMPATRIOTS!

The Divine Providence is about to place independence within our reach, and in a way the most free and independent nation could hardly wish for.

The Americans, not from mercenary motives, but for the sake of humanity, and the lamentations of so many persecuted people, have considered it opportune to extend their protecting mantle to our beloved country, now that they have been obliged to sever relations with Spain, owing to the tyranny this nation is exercising in Cuba, causing enormous injury to the Americans, who have such large commercial and other interests there.

At the present moment, an American squadron is preparing to sail for the Philippines.

We, your brothers, are very much afraid that you may be induced to fire on the Americans. No, brothers, never make this mistake. Rather blow your own brains out, than fire one shot, or treat as enemies those who are your liberators.

Your natural enemies, your executioners, the authors of your misery and your unhappiness, are the Spaniards who govern you. Against these you must raise your weapons and your odium. Understand well, against the Spaniards, and never against the Americans.

Take no notice of the decree of the Governor-General calling you to arms, although it may cost you your lives. Rather die than be ungrateful to our American liberators. The Governor-General calls you to arms. What for? To defend your Spanish tyrants? To defend those that have despised you, and even in public speeches asked for your extermination, those that have treated you little better than savages? No; no! a thousand times no!

Give a glance at history and you will see that all the wars undertaken by Spain in Oceania here sacrificed Philippine blood; we have been sent to fight in Cochin-China to assist the French, in an affair which in no way concerned the Philippines; we were compelled to spill our blood by Simon de Anda against the English, who in any case would have been better rulers than the Spaniards; every year

our sons are taken away to be sacrificed in Mindanao and Sulu, pretending to make us believe those inhabitants are our enemies, when in reality they are our brothers, like us fighting for their independence.

After having sacrificed our blood against the English, against the Annamites, against the Mindanaos, etc., what recompense or thanks have we received from the Spanish Government? Obscurity, poverty, the butchery of our dear ones. Enough, brothers, of this Spanish tutelage!

Take note, the Americans will attack by sea and prevent any reinforcements coming from Spain; therefore the insurgents must attack by land. Probably you will have more than sufficient arms, because the Americans have arms and will find means to assist us.

There, where you see the American flag flying, assemble in numbers; they are our redeemers.

Our unworthy names are as nothing, but one and all invoke the name of the greatest patriot our country has seen, in the sure and certain hope that his spirit will be with us in these moments and guide us to victory, our immortal JOSE RIZAL.

A SPANISH OPINION BEFORE THE BATTLE.

THE following is a translation of an Editorial which appeared in the leading paper of Manila "*El Diario de Manila*," on April 29th:—

Some of our enemy's colleagues comment with alarm upon the arrival at Hongkong of the North American Pacific Squadron. In this they seem to see a menace to the Philippines.

Under this head we feel under obligation to say a few words.

Remain tranquil, we will not allow ourselves to be unnecessarily alarmed by those persons who, like the ostrich, hide their wings, and rest in fancied security. We will view the question reduced to its just proportions.

The rendezvous of those five North American ships, which they have dignified with the name of a squadron, is not a serious menace to our dominion in the Philippines; no more than was the invasion of the English in 1762, for the audacious Britons left for their health after being sufficiently punished.

The London telegrams assert that these men-of-war united at Hongkong are the iron-clads "*Olympia*," "*Boston*," "*Raleigh*," "*Concord*" and the gunboat "*Petrel*."

There is not among them a single ironclad. The "*Olympia*" is a fine cruiser with a protective deck, but no armour or protection for her battery; her displacement is 5800 tons, and she has a supposed speed of 21 knots, but the real speed is much less as she has not been docked for some time.

She was sent to this part of the Pacific after the beginning of the Hawaiian question.

The "*Boston*" and "*Raleigh*" are cruisers of the 2nd class, also with protective decks, doubtless very thin, with a displacement of 3189 and 3183 tons respectively; their armament offers nothing extraordinary for vessels of their type.

The "*Concord*" and "*Petrel*" are protected gunboats of 1700 and 890 tons respectively, and with a very moderate speed; at the extreme we would assign to them a speed of 14 knots.

From this data, it will be seen that this is not a squadron to cause a single tremor to the Spanish power in the Philippines. Apart from this, we have here our own cruisers of more than 3000 tons, and others of 1000 tons and very many gunboats; we also have land batteries, which can do very effective work against the North American ships. If one of our projectiles should penetrate one of them and disable their machinery, they would have no opportunity of repairing it.

We do not believe that the United States ships will attempt such a doubtful adventure. Nevertheless, we cannot consider that the Yankees are merely making a straw fire. Then, with what object, have they mobilized their squadron at Hongkong? For the same reason that they have at Lisbon a little squadron, consisting of the medium sized ship "*San Francisco*," which in less than an hour the "*Maria Theresa*" or any similar ship of our fleet could destroy. The object of this is to make us believe that not only Cuba, but the Philippines and the Spanish peninsula will be attacked, from the four sides at once as it were. As we have so often said, the North Americans are merely testing the strength of our Government. They do not care for war, but expect to gain all the success that war would give them, by assuming their strategic positions. Looked at in this light, the approximate visit of the North American fleet to the Philippines, is not sufficient to raise a single fear, much less to produce the moral effect intended by the Washington Government. It all looks more like the movements of pieces on a chess-board, whereby the Government at Washington is attempting to force movement on the part of the Sagasta cabinet. To gain the

advantage without loss to himself, is the whole object of McKinley's play.

NOTE.—*In less than forty-eight hours after the publication of this article, our little fleet had sunk the Spanish ships, and white flags were waving in profusion on both Cavite and the City of Manila.*

THE NAVAL BATTLE OF CAVITE.

THE following is a further extract from the "*El Diario de Manila*," published after the Battle, on 4th May, 1898:—

A NAVAL SURPRISE.

When the enemy's squadron was sighted in perfect line of battle through the clouds of a misty dawn on the morning of the 1st of May, gloom and surprise were general among the people of Manila. At last these ships had strained their boldness to the point of appearing on our coast and defying our batteries, which showed more courage and valor than effect when they opened fire on the squadron. It needs something more than courage to make projectiles penetrate—indeed it does!

EVERY MAN TO HIS STATION.

The inequality of our batteries, when compared with those of the squadron which alarmed the inhabitants of Manila at five in the morning, was enough to transform the tranquil character of our tropical temperaments.

While ladies and children in carriages or on foot fled in fright to seek refuge in the outlying suburbs and adjacent villages around the Capital from danger, multiplied by their imagination, every man from the stately personage to the most humble workman, merchants and mechanics, Spaniards and natives, soldiers and civilians, all we repeat, sought their stations and put on their arms, confident that never should the enemy land in Manila, unless he passed over their corpses. Yet, from the first moment, the strength of the enemy's armour and the power of his guns, demonstrated that his ships were invulnerable to our energies and armaments, the hostile squadron would never had entered our bay had not its surety been guaranteed by its manifest superiority.

SPECTATORS AND OBSERVERS.

The city walls, the church towers, the roofs of high buildings, and all high places convenient for observation were occupied by those who were not retained by their military duties

within the walls, on the bridges, or at the advanced posts. The slightest details of the enemy's ships were eagerly noted as they advanced towards Cavite in a line parallel with the beaches of Manila, as though they had just came out of the Pasig River. There was no gaps in the line but the curious public hardly realized the disparity between their great guns and the pieces mounted on our fortifications. Some had glasses and others were without, but all seemed to devour with their eyes these strangers who, while brave, were not called upon to show their courage, since the range of their guns and the weakness of our batteries enabled them to preserve their impunity while doing as much harm as they pleased.

REMARKS OF THE PEOPLE.

All who appreciated the impunity with which the hostile ships manoeuvred, as if on a harmless parade, were full of such rage and desperation as belongs to the brave man who can make no use of his courage; to whom remains no remedy, except an honorable death rather than a cowardly inactivity.

A soldier of the First Battalion of Cazadores gazed at the squadron sweeping over the waters out of reach of the fire of our batteries, looked out and at the ships, and then towards heaven, saying "If Holy Mary would turn that sea into land, the Yankees would find out how we can charge in double time." And a crouching native staring out at the ships said, "Just let them come ashore and give us a whack at them."

On they stood at full speed in column of battle, heading for Cavite, with the decision due to a sense of safety and a firm assurance of success.

THE FIGHT SEEN FROM MANILA.

For more than an hour and a half the bombardment held in suspense those whose souls followed the unequal struggle, in which the Spanish ships went down with their glorious banners flying.

What was going on in the waters of Cavite? From Manila we saw through glasses, the two squadrons almost mingled together in the clouds of smoke. This was not far from a triumph for our side, considering the weakness of our batteries. For once alongside the enemy, the cry of "Boarders Away!" and the flash of cold steel might have enabled our devoted seaman to disturb the calm in which watches and instruments were regulated and directing those engines of destruction. In the blindness of our rage how should we paint the heroic deeds the prowess, the waves of

valor which burst forth from our men-of-war? Those who fought beneath the Spanish flag bore themselves like men, as chosen sons of our native land, who never measure forces, nor yield to superior force in the hands of an enemy; who would rather die without ships than live in ships which have surrendered.

To name those who distinguished themselves in battle would require the publication of the entire muster rolls of our ships from Captain to Cabin boy. To these victorious seamen of ours we offer congratulations; laurels for the living; prayers for the dead; for all our deepest gratitude.

Since we cannot re-construct the bloody scene which was exhibited last Sunday in the waters of Cavite, we will not attempt a description, which would only be a pale shadow of great deeds deserving a perpetual place in the pages of history.

When the hostile squadron turned toward Cavite, the crew of the steamer "*Isla de Mindanao*" heard the drums beating to quarters, and answered with enthusiasm, three rounds of cheers for the King, for the Queen, and for Spain, which echoed along our line.

Later, until a quarter to five, absolute silence reigned. Everything was ready. The idea of death was lost in ardour for the fray, and every eye was fixed on the battle flags waving at our mastheads. In perfect and majestic order—why should we deny this?—the nine Yankee ships advanced in battle array. The "*Olympia*" bearing the Admiral's flag, led the column, followed by the other ships, steering at full speed towards Cavite. The "*Olympia*" opened fire, and an instant reply came from the battery on the mole, which kept on firing at five minute intervals, while the iron-clad shaped her course for the "*Reina Cristina*" and "*Castilla*." Into both these ships she poured a steady and rapid fire, seconded by the ships which followed in her wake. Another ship, which directed a heavy fire on our line, was the "*Baltimore*," and so the cannonade went on until a quarter to eight. At that moment the "*Don Juan de Austria*" advanced against the enemy, intending to board the "*Olympia*," and if a tremendous broadside had not stopped her self-devoted charge, both ships perhaps would have sunk to the bottom.

The Captain of the "*Reina Cristina*," seeing that the resolute attempt of his consort had failed, advanced at full speed until within 200 yards of the "*Olympia*," aiming to attack her. Then a shower of projectiles swept the bridge and decks, filling the ship with dead and wounded.

Heroes and martyrs, whom the nation will remember, as long as it endures!

A dense column of smoke from the bow-compartment showed that an incendiary projectile, such as the law of God and men prohibits, had set fire to the cruiser. The ship, still keeping up her fire on the enemy, withdrew toward the arsenal, where she was sunk to keep her from falling into the hands of the Yankees.

The desperation of the men of the "*Reina Cristina*" was aggravated by the sight of the "*Castilla*" also in a blaze, from a similar use of incendiary projectiles.

The principal ships of our little squadron having thus been put out of action, the Yankee vessels, some of them badly crippled by the fire of our ships, and the batteries at Point Sangley, stood out toward Mariveles and the entrance of the bay, ceasing their fire, occupying themselves in repairing injuries until ten o'clock, when they began a second attack to complete their work of destruction.

In this second assault the fire at the arsenal was extinguished and they continued to cannonade the blazing gunboats.

One gunboat, which seemed to have nothing more venturesome to undertake, detached herself from the Squadron and set to work to riddle the mail steamer "*Isla de Mindanao*."

Now that the ships were in flames, the Admiral, Senor Montojo, who had shown his flag as long as there was a vessel afloat, landed, and hostilities ceased.

The only Spanish ship which had not been destroyed by fire or by the enemy's projectiles, sunk herself so that she could in no wise be taken.

Such, in broad outlines, which we cannot correct at this moment, was the naval battle of Cavite, in which the last glimpse of our squadron showed the Spanish flag.

A thousand sensational details have reached us, which we would reproduce gladly, after the necessary corrections, if our pen would serve for anything, except to sing the glory of these martyrs of the nation.

Perhaps to-morrow or another day, with fuller knowledge of the facts, we can furnish our readers with many interesting details. To-day we limit ourselves to a sketch of the grand picture which was unrolled before us on the first of May, begging our friends to excuse the defects which they may note.

THE KILLED AND WOUNDED.

Killed:—The Captain, Chaplain, Clerk and Boatswain of the "*Reina Cristina*."

Wounded:—The Captains of the “*Castilla*” and “*Don Antonio de Ulloa*.”

The Executive Officer of the “*Reina Cristina*.”

A Lieutenant of the “*Don Juan de Austria*.”

The Paymaster of the “*Ulloa*,” the second Surgeon of the “*Ulloa*,” and Chief Engineers of the “*Cristina*” and “*Austria*.”

VIGILANCE.

By naval authority the most careful watch was kept in the river as well as on the coast to secure the defence of the port.

BATTERIES.

The gunners of the batteries defending Manila and Cavite showed the highest degree of energy and heroism. Every one applauds the brave artillerymen who by their calmness and skill, did all that was possible with the guns assigned to them, allowing for their deficiencies and imperfections.

The battery that did most harm to the enemy was the one on Point Sangley, made up of Hontosia guns. From one of these guns came the shot which the “*Boston*” received, while four ships, which had altogether 65 guns, were pouring their fires on this battery to reduce it to silence. One gun having been crippled, the other kept on playing, firing whenever damage could be done and avoiding waste of ammunition.

To one of its shots is attributed the hurt, which turned the “*Baltimore*” from the fight. This gun must have greatly annoyed the Yankees, to judge by the efforts they made to silence its fires, following it up until six gunners had been killed and four wounded.

On this account it is proposed to demand the bestowal of the laurel wreathed cross of San Fernando to the valiant gunners who served this battery.

The Luenta battery at Manila, which assailed the Yankee ships with much vigor, was the object of the enemy’s special attention, as he stood past the fortifications of Manila, heading for Cavite.

Guns were also mounted at the entrance of the bay on Corregidor and Caballo Islands, on El Fraile rock, on the south shore at Point Restinga and at Mariveles, Punta Gorda and Point Lasisi on the north shore. The guns on Corregidor Island were of about six-inch calibre; similar guns were mounted on the rock and on Point Restinga. The other batteries had guns of smaller calibre and short range.

KIND TREATMENT.

The Spanish Club, ever earnest in remedying misfortune, gave liberal help to the refugees who survived from our ships of war.

BREAD AND WATER.

Doubtless the Civil Commission has arranged to secure supplies for the city, but it is certain since Sunday there has been great scarcity of every thing, and speculators have got what prices they care to ask for articles of prime necessity.

Already people are growing calmer and the shops are open, and it is to be expected that Manila will go on resuming her usual life and animation.

THE COUNTRY RESPONDS.

The great masses of the rural population of the Philippines, as well as the leaders of the nation, have responded like loyal sons of Spain, sharing our pains and assisting in our labors.

TELEGRAM.

The Admiral, Senor Montojo, has received a telegram of congratulation from the Minister of Marine, who, in his own name, and in the name of the Queen of Spain, felicitates the Navy of this Archipelago for gallant behaviour on the day at Cavite. These are the terms of the telegram referred to: "Honor and glory to the Spanish Fleet which fought so heroically in the bay."

NO PAPERS.

After two days of silence, in which our paper failed to see the light by reason of exceptional circumstances occurring in Manila, and well known to all the public, we return to our regular issues, trusting in the good will of our subscribers.

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